



# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "How You Sell Soul To A Soulless People Who Sold Their Soul"

*[verse 1]*

Banned from our damn so called country  
No claim yall know the name  
Some got the rest of the planet  
To feel us damn it  
Substance over style  
Thats right we on exile  
Them ol heads from strong i the velt  
No love good lookin out  
But damn sure felt

Hear me fear me appeared to  
Dissapear  
The sequel  
Said keep pe from from the people

Stole ya soul keft the groove  
On ya body black  
Now you cant getcha mind back

Too dirty for the source power 30  
Too clean for 30 year olds  
Who wanna act sixteen

I beg ya pardon  
We be live in other genres  
While ya favorites just startin

We come back to do a soul check  
Every once in a while like a sonic messiah  
To find out these cats  
Got this thing runnin wild  
God bless the child

*[verse 2]*

Im spittin in the wind  
Till it knocks a tree down in the woods

(allah u akbar)  
God is good

Either you stand for something  
Or fall for anything

You can get all the money cars jewelry and things  
And still have nothing

Lookin for love in all the wrong places  
Between gettin high on the price tags  
And smilin faces

Thinkin you need  
Rings and things rims and timbs  
That aint rap thats bein slaves again

Pretendin

Hip hop says you can be what you wanna be  
As long as you aint f-a-k-e

Its a four letter word like fame  
That fades and if you believe it

Your f-u-c-k- e-d

But how you sell soul to a  
Souless people who sold their soul?

I guess we all got stole on  
By some of the same cats

That sold ya soul out  
Dj lord

Being that beat back

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Black Is Back"

[verse 1]  
Full blown  
Rap rock and roll  
Whatever happened to solid gold?  
Aint like it cant and wont get sold  
Sold by the same cats  
Stole yo soul  
Back on a track  
That dont sound too old  
Whats goin on? i dont know its trouble  
Back in black to bust that bubble  
Black supermans back and not daredevil  
Dont wear throwbacks  
Cause im a throwback  
So i threw that throwback on the racks  
So lets go back  
Way on back  
Before 8 tracks and cadillacs  
Cats still on crack  
Screamin what they lack  
It started with your baby on similac  
Dont get me started  
Get it up to speed  
Gettin back your soul  
Is what you need

[verse 2]  
Get on the soul train  
Getcha soul drained  
If ya souls drained  
Backed right to yo brain  
Keep the peoples away from pe the peeps  
So the top 10 joints  
Keep em all asleep  
So what they got  
You think is hot  
But the real things in life  
Your soul forgot  
Dont hear it on the radio  
Or mtv  
I damn dont know about b-e-t

[verse 3]  
If we cant reach em  
Damn cant teach em  
Somebody hatin  
Cause we gots the information

Do this once a moon  
Like an eclipse  
So back to them politics  
Off my lips  
Tell the scurred beware of them ghetto tricks  
Tell the government  
Please stay off my dick  
The criss whatever i never sip  
Keep the whole damn bottle  
I dont even trip

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Harder Than You Think"

[verse 1]

What goes on?

Rollin stones of the rap game not braggin

Lips bigger than jagger , not saggin

Spell it backwards

Im a leave it at that..

That aint got nothin to do with rap

Check the facts expose those cats

Who pose as heros and take advantage of blacks

Your governments gangster so cut the crap

A war goin on so where you at?

Fight the power comes great responsibility

F the police but whos stoppin you from killin me?

Disasters , fiascos over a loop by pe

If its an i instead of we

Believin tv

Spittin riches , bitches, and this new thing about snitches

Watch them asses move the masses switches

System dissed them but barely missed her

My soul intention to save my brothers and sisters

Get up

Hard...just like that

[verse 2]

Screamin gangsta 20 years later

Of course endorsed while consciousness faded

New generations believing them fables

Gangster boogie on two turntables

Show no love so its easy to hate it

Desecrated while the coroner waited

Any given sunday so where yall rate it?

Wit slavery, lynching , and them drugs infiltrated

Im like that doll chuckie , baby

Keep comin back to live love life like i'm crazy

Keep it movin risin to the top

Doug fresh clean livin you dont stop

Revolution means change  
Dont look at me strange  
So i cant repeat what other rappers be sayin  
You dont stand for something  
You fall for anything  
Harder than you think  
Its a beautiful thing

Get up  
Hard...just like that  
Get up  
Hard...just like that

[verse 3]  
So its time to leave you a preview  
So you too can review what we do  
20 years in this business  
How you sell sell soul, g wiz  
People bear witness  
Thank you for lettin us be ourself  
So dont mind me if i repeat myself  
These simple lines be good for your health  
To keep them crime rhymes on the shelf  
Live life love like you just dont care  
5000 leaders never scared  
Bring the noise its the moment they fear  
Get up still a beautiful idea

Get up  
Throw yo hands in the air  
Get up show no fear  
Get up if yall really care  
Pe 20 years  
Now get up

Get up  
Hard...just like that  
Get up  
Hard...just like that

# Public Enemy Lyrics

"Sex, Drugs & Violence"

(feat. KRS-One)

*[Hook]*

We like those gangsta rhymes...  
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...  
These rappers kill and thief...  
A lot of times it's only make believe...

*[Chuck D]*

Once upon a time, not long ago  
A rapper got shot, and no one knows  
Who pulled the tricca on the kid and layed him in his grave  
And after the prayers and the street parade  
Shit got forgot, and now he's dead  
And all the fans loved everything he said  
So understand this, you don't wanna miss  
Sex, drugs, and violence

*[Hook]*

We like those gangsta rhymes...  
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...  
These rappers kill and thief...  
A lot of times it's only make believe...

*[KRS-One]*

Ayo once upon a time in Jamaica, Queens  
An icon gets shot and no one knew what it means  
It was just another muder scene  
But let's get on with the bling bling  
Ching ching and half naked chicks that can't sing  
Murder weapon, never found. Police, never around  
The respect, the intellect, and the suspect all out of town  
It's all out of bounds. KRS, Chuck D makin our rounds, man  
While they takin us down, man  
We're takin you down. I got another new sound  
It's really an old sound, but you know how me and Chuck get down  
We got peace, love, unity, and having the fun  
But you all want sex, drugs, violence 101  
Here it is... Bam  
Stop being a little boy with a little toy, stand up and be a man  
Now you see the plan, from west to east  
Instead of sex, drugs, and violence we got love, purpose, and peace  
We be hurtin the least. We be workin, no seats  
Bringing it to America like Geronimo and Cochise  
Get that, but make sure when you spit rap  
If you ain't really ready to die, yo, don't spit that!

*[Hook]*

We like those gangsta rhymes...  
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...  
These rappers kill and thief...  
A lot of times it's only make believe...

*[Flavor Flav]*

Once upon a time I was on Long Island  
A man got shot and he wasn't smilin  
He was bleedin from his guts, yo  
A policeman was sittin and he drove up on the spot, yo  
Now when police light came on  
When the man died, who was the blame on?  
Wasn't me. Not you  
I didn't kill nobody cuz my records don't do that  
I make the records for the kids  
Gangsta rap flippin people's kid's lids

*[Hook]*

We like those gangsta rhymes...  
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...  
These rappers kill and thief...  
A lot of times it's only make believe...

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Can You Hear Me Now"

### [VERSE 1]

Damn if i be some slave again  
Got no fake ass friends no timbs or rims  
Sure nuff dont know no designer names  
And i never played no video games  
I aint got no diamond rings  
No bling, bling, no minks  
No 2 earrings  
No pimp glasses mugs  
Or cups and things  
Or whatever the hell they be  
Carryin  
Dont treat my highs too high  
Or my lows too low  
You wont see my soul souled on no video  
Bdont need no checks to get no chicks  
Or be some hypocrite to get you on my  
So let the young sing and rap to the young  
As long as yall dont think freedom  
Is free to be dumb

### [VERSE 2]

Its suicidal to think im your american idol  
Hypnotic trapped in a 3000 mile box  
Chicks bobby sox today be botox  
Now that hip hops the new so called rock  
Parents dressin the outside  
Of their kids  
An what they wear  
Instead of stressin the inside  
Way back , my peoples gave me pride  
Now in 2004 i aint gotta hide  
If you cant afford it just leave it to the side  
Cause you looking real stupid with that tear in your eye  
Gotta a 1994 hear you talkin  
But its damn sure better than walkin  
It might be old, it sure aint gold  
Better than stylin in the cold  
It aint no rolls,so wont get stoled  
But you wont see me walking on no side of the road

### [VERSE 3]

At the age i am now  
If i cant teach  
I shouldnt even open up my mouth begin to speak  
I need some radio  
To help me reach

But i heard they get their money on  
By makin you weak  
Drowning in the sea of  
Some big dose of now  
No past no future  
Let the young grow wild  
Aint gave em nuttin  
Some done robbed the child  
From substance  
Dont curr , fill em up wit style  
Like hip hop started on trl, like wow  
Took the game and made it a gdamn shame  
Hell wit history you dont even  
Know my name  
I aint the same damn thing  
That yall used to playin  
Im non stop rocket  
Headin to your brain  
Now thats what im sayin

*[VERSE 4]*  
I may not got no flow  
But i aint pimped by no negro  
Backed by some  
Cracka wit  
His ass by the door  
Therefore  
I can never be poor  
Cause my mind , body, and soul  
Cannot be sold  
Priceless  
So i avoid the trifelin  
Worms in my cipher  
Stuff yall cant get enough off  
Gots no time for  
Somebodys jail  
My time is just like the US mail  
My time is richer  
Than them new astro pitchers  
I be damn if my face  
Be under some picture  
Where you heard the nword  
So save your liquid  
Pe we just here to flip it  
Find somebody new to get wit  
The next time you hear a  
Cat who cant Stand or even look in the mirror

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Flavor Man"

*[Intro:]*

Yeah that's right we gon' take this all the way back to the top kid  
That's right boy, ha ha, hit your man off  
AWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW-YEAH YEAH~!  
Flavor Flav is back, with the hottest track  
Y'knahmsayin kid!

*[Chorus: x8]*

Flavor, Flavor, Flavor Man

*[Flavor - over Chorus:]*

What... yeah! WHAT... yeah!  
What... yeah! WHOAHHHHHHHHH-HOOO!!!

*[Flavor Flav:]*

For all you motherfuckers who think I fell off  
I'm Flavor Flav nigga, I'm still the boss~!  
Go, live, king, throw live  
I live Uptown in the Bronx, gimme a hi-five  
Yankee Stadium is where I'm from  
We get up over beats and then we beat the drum  
Born and raised in Freeport, Long Island  
(What) We keep 'em smilin  
South Freeport, get down  
That's where my family is found  
After dark, just gimme a spark  
Go to Jones Beach, get on the back of a shark  
Have him take me down to Florida  
I'm the flyest nigga down in Florida  
Gimme the mic, move over, I'm takin this shit  
I'm back in control, gimme your soul  
Check it out - make room for daddy! (What)  
Before I have to get the belt (what)  
Beat your ass all the way back to the felt (what)  
Make you do the wop  
Shimmy shimmy go go pop

*[Chorus]*

*[Flavor - over Chorus:]*

What... who! What... who!  
What... who! What... who!  
What... who! What... who!  
What, who!

*[Flavor Flav:]*

I'm fakin no moves and fakin no jax

Flavor Flav is back on the dome relax  
I push all the buttons around this bitch  
I'ma go get money from Bill Gates, get rich  
So I can build me a psycho-loft  
So I can go psycho with my Micro-soft  
Flavor Windows is the new invention  
Colorful windows to get the attention  
(Knock knock) Flavor Flav is eatin with Bill Gates  
Bill, had to have a certain flavor  
To have the highest, bank rates in the world  
(Word up) But he don't stand alone  
Joey Fatone, is in my bones  
Jackie Hamilton, dollar bill  
Sittin real high on Capitol Hill

*[Chorus]*

*[Flavor - over Chorus:]*

What... who! What... who!  
What... who! What... yeah!  
What... yeah! What... yeah!  
Who, yeah!!

*[Flavor Flav:]*

Knock knock baby!

*[Chorus - 1/2]*

*[Flavor - over Chorus:]*

What... who! What... who!  
What... who! What... who!

*[Flavor Flav - ad libbing:]*

What... knock knock  
Knock knock, knock knock  
Knock knock, knock knock  
Knock knock, knock knock right here at your door  
Givin you more of what you bargained for  
Flavor Flav - back in your face  
Mess with my kids and I'll catch a case  
Y'knahmsayin, I ain't playin  
It's all in the message I'm relayin  
Right here in DeVante's studio  
That's where I'm sayin, that's right  
All the way to Penn Station, Jackson Station and the nation  
Feature your generation, yo Flavor Flav is out  
Two steps automatic and I'm out kid

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "The Enemy Battle Hymn Of The Public"

[verse 1]

No election  
Remember that presidential selection  
    Got us in another  
    Erection of body part  
    Dick bush and colin  
    Tape is rollin  
    New whirl odor  
    Flowin way past deodorant  
    Got the masses ignorant  
    Them dumb asses  
    The whirl surrenders  
    To the way of the beltway  
Created a nore bin laden found saddam  
    Yo griff,  
    'what good is a gotdamn bomb  
I know they been lyin bout bin ladin  
    Fight the power  
You dont know who hit them towers  
    And they dont care  
    Tony blair  
    Ask the axis of hate  
    Is the uk the 51st state

[verse 2]

Gettin the bomb sht  
Aint like gettin bombed and sht  
    Orders from your  
    Commander and theif  
    Headcheif hankercheif  
    Aint that right griff  
    You gonna go in there  
And take things and bomb thangs  
    2007 high tech thug gang  
    I rather be gettin it  
    Than gettin hit  
    Presidential orders  
    From this new whirl odor  
    Stressin peoples of color  
    Across the water and the borders  
Peeps need food education employment  
    And damn that high tech equipment

[verse 3]

And the rhetoric  
From one sided politricks  
From a government on some ol

World war 3 trip  
If i was there id quit  
Go home and be gettin it  
Stick a bush and dick in the world  
And watch it twirl  
Americas a dude  
And the earth a girl  
You gotta fight for your love  
Remain a cut above  
The rest of the world  
Dont matter  
Sounds like propaganda  
New facism on another channel  
Turn offa that thing  
And see the sun  
Ima take my black ass home  
And get some

One

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Escapism"

*[verse 1]*

Is the groove good to you  
Like when you lose your thing  
Forgetten grits is grocery  
And eggs is poultry

Makin a livin against those makin a killin  
Super blackman gotha back  
And is back in the building  
If the prison is that skin you in  
And your cell sittin inside your skull  
They say you cant getaway  
From ya damn self  
When your earth is heaven  
And your world be hell  
Check your head  
Armageddons at the foot of your bed

You aint heard a word i said  
Forget them slacks

Im that throwback that  
Threw that throwback  
Back on the racks  
To get my mind back

O say can you see  
I get back its still just a black and white tv  
In lyin color brother  
Gots to getaway to the other.

*[verse 2]*

Never was too good  
Off the top of my head

Cause i want yall to know  
Exactly what i said

This so called war in iraq  
Over a thousand dead  
Thats about  
10 a week  
Even as i speak

33% of black males in jail  
55% of black students will fail  
85% of black folks forgot

We were slaves  
Up inside this box

America got folks brains on lock  
Forget the connects

Some wanna buy whats next  
Wear it like a sign up in that chest

Yall should know papa dont take no mess

If you think your past is irrelevant  
Dont you know ol soul pays the gt damn rent  
That messiah aint never  
Gonna come as long as

You thinkin freedom  
Is bein free to be dumb

[verse 3]  
Soul is back  
So flip them hits back  
Damn the fashion  
I wanna know wheres the passion

Thinkin we came a long way baby

Sayin poor michaels psycho  
And prince hes crazy

But what has bob mick sir paul  
Done for you lately

How they maintain on your brain  
Seems to escape me

Heard some ghetto cats  
Dont like metal rap

Hear it and fear it  
And they think its wack

They dont even know that the blues is black  
And when i rap is back to the roots

Where i be at

Not some 30 year old who dont know facts  
Whos wild sayin things like some juvenile

Remember 2 million black folks in the penile  
Got a world of whitefolks  
Thinkin its style

Think im hatin cause you lack the information  
Cause we the fbi still gots on file

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Frankenstar"

We the fans  
Hopin they would be open  
Tinted glass  
Behind that tinted glass  
Crowd waiting in limbo  
Is that the limo?  
But he dont give a damn  
She dont give a damn  
Just buy their product  
Cause they a by product of a marketing plan  
Can i just get an autograph?  
Im fanatic number 2 million  
Sign it to my mama  
So she can cut the drama  
Bought in a store in nicaragua  
But you ignore the poor  
Cant even get to your door

Frankenstar  
You dont even know who the hell you are  
I dont give a damn about your car  
Frankenstar  
Frankenstar  
Frankenstar  
You dont even know who the hell you are  
We dont give a damn about your crib  
Only give a damn about what you did  
Frankenstar  
Frankenstar  
Frankenstar

Can i get a ride on that music  
Can i get a look on that movie  
All you gotta do is groove me  
Security aint got to shoot me  
How a fan get get close to you  
What do you think im supposed to do?  
Shit by the way i bought a poster too  
I didnt take it back  
Cause the show was whack  
Bought a hundred dollar ticket  
Told us where we could stick it  
Frankenstar  
Let us fans know  
That you gonna do a 10 minute show

Hoooooooo

Hooooooooo

Frankenstar

You dont even know who the hell you are

I dont give a damn about your car

Frankenstar

Frankenstar

Frankenstar

You dont even know who the hell you are

We dont give a damn about your crib

Only give a damn about what you did

Frankenstar

Frankenstar

Frankenstar

Now you say you from the hood

Paid and laid

And now you think you gonna get sprayed

I see you grinnin at them humble beginnings

Fame just is like water to a gremlin

Fame is fake and it fades

Millinnum stars can be like grenades

Blowin up thinking we all got it made

In a mtv cribs

To fool them kids

The new monster mash

See em all dance for cash

Saw ya wit a new lawyer

So you

Better stash

But the vip section got your attention

And you cannot see that far past

Wrong inspiration

For a young nation

When you dismiss education

And your living rooms a playstation

Do your thing, not the thing do you

Dont fame gotta hold on you

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "See Something, Say Something"

*[verse 1]*

Welcome home to the terrordome  
Land of the forbidden  
Cause that man be sinnen  
And his hand be hidden  
To rule the planet  
He planned from the beginnin  
Superegomani sounds like lucifer is winnin  
Yo he wanna buck us  
So im stoppin all that ruckus  
Yall dont know the d in my name  
Is like fredrick as in douglas  
Another body  
Cause the feds crashed the party  
You confuse your own folk  
Running from the paparazzi  
Dirty mind and tap water  
Consumin yo body  
Illuminati in the tomb  
Poisonin the womb  
Cant be a guinea pig  
With the glock to the wig  
10 years since we lost pac and big  
Dont get it twisted dont get it confused  
The term snitch  
Revolutionaries use  
When the government got the hood rhymin the blues  
Thats the term when the whole town lose  
  
See something you better say something  
Cause saving something aint worth sayin nothing

*[verse 2]*

Genocide on us where  
They practice this  
Thats why i pack the fifth  
See how wack this is  
They ready the clips  
Replaced the whips  
Not cars im talkin bout them things that cause scars  
Night and days i know i still fight the power  
I know we came a different way than the mayflower  
All them players rentin rims and hummers  
Got taught by a teacher defending columbus  
New thug robbin ids and pin numbers

Spot on my block  
Be hotter than 10 summers  
Stuck in last century like a fax machine  
Left back from the future  
Like some vaccine  
From ghana, botswana to watts and queens  
Is the tv killing black teens  
And their dreams?  
Dont get it twisted dont get it confused  
The term snitch  
Revolutionaries use  
When the government got the hood rhymin the blues  
Thats the term when the whole town lose  
  
See something you better say something  
Cause saving something aint worth sayin nothing

*[verse 3]*

While some pass the criss  
They happen to miss  
The unexpected revolution  
From some young catalyst  
Untouchable on the fbi list  
Not know knowin these facts is more hazardous  
I rock intense  
Knock your block wit sense  
Welfare cut from them documents  
Masses volunteering for them chips  
Trace the hiv lane up that blood vessel  
Irs in that chest  
You gotta wrestle  
Life is not a game  
New war apocalyptic  
See the wicked run and try to hide the statistic  
Aint nuttin changed  
Pe be the same crew  
It aint a game  
Once again gonna save you  
Dont get it twisted dont get it confused  
The term snitch  
Revolutionaries use  
When the government got the hood rhymin the blues  
Thats the term when the whole town lose  
  
See something you better say something  
Cause saving something aint worth sayin nothing

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Long And Whining Road"

*[verse 1]*

Its been a long and whining road  
Even though time keeps a changin  
Ima bring it all back home  
I been told i spit lyrics wit politics  
Why wouldnt i?  
Says negro on my birth certificate

Born in 1960 in a nation  
Throughout / ive been a spokesperson  
For a generation  
Within the same ol fear of a black planet  
20 years of blood sweat and no tears for fanatics

So damn it  
If times is hard  
Time is god  
Understand it  
Never took time for granted  
Its all right ma  
As child of the sixties  
All along the watchtower  
I cant bet they gonna miss me

Im only bleeding  
Every grain in me  
Fans if not for you  
There be no pe  
From the nashville skyline  
Girls in south country  
In this world gone wrong  
So heres another love song

*[verse 2]*

We came a long way baby  
You know whats amazin  
The surprise we told these new guys  
Flav has always been crazy  
Hit london 87 like it was an invasion  
Toured the world for 3 years  
Hell with vacation  
Vocation of vocalization  
Especially with the impact of it takes a nation  
Of millions to hold us back  
You bet theres blood on them bomb squad tracks

Black steel , baseheads, party for your right to fight  
Prophets of rage , bring the noise  
Dont believe the hype  
Cant do nuttin for you man  
911 is a joke  
20 years we got here by actin like common folk  
Touring the world like a rolling stone  
Then the nineties came  
Welcomed yall to the terrordome  
Some threw it away , instead of something to say  
Cause the streets still ended up havin no names  
Since rebel without a pause beats were never the same  
And by 1998 we still had game.

*[verse 3]*

Only a pawn in the game  
Chastised for namin names  
What was said and who said it  
Anti nothing so forget it  
Tears of rage left a friend  
Blowin in the wind  
But time is god  
Been back for 10 years and black again  
Some of them same cats  
Help usher in gangster rap  
Damn our interviews were better than a lotta them acts.  
Praised the gangsta  
Just because it sold  
While consciousness  
Went from platinum to gold  
Seen a nation reduce fight the power to gin and juice  
Some people gave it up and turned it loose.

*[verse 4]*

Beethoven, bach brahms  
I want some james brown  
Even bruce, brian, bono, beck, yeah chuck berry  
Prince stevie sly smokey johnny cash in my chevy  
Heard some call me an uncle tom  
Now thats petty  
I'm a songwriter fool  
I condense sense from right and wrong  
Livin in the key of protest songs  
From basement tapes  
Beyond them dollars and cents  
Changin of the guards spent  
Where the--went  
Most of their time out of mind  
Hatin my mess age rhymes  
Cant truss it, shut em down call it whatcha wanna  
But they made a day fit for a king

By the time we got to arizona

Tommorrows a long time  
We got god on our side

Over bass and drum beats hear the good rhymes ride

A poison goin on  
Shelter from the storm  
Hard rain gonna fall  
Still the people rock on.

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Eve Of Destruction"

The eastern world, it is explodin'  
Violence flarin' and bullets loadin'  
You're old enough to kill, but not for votin'  
And that Jordan River has bodies floatin'

But you tell me  
Over and over and over again, my friend  
You don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction

Don't you understand what I'm tryin' to say  
Can't you feel the fears that I'm feelin' today?  
If the button is pushed there's no runnin' away  
There'll be no one to save with the world in a grave  
Take a look around ya boy, it's bound to scare ya boy

But you tell me  
Over and over and over again, my friend  
You don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction

My blood's so mad, it feels like coagulatin'  
I'm sitting here just contemplatin'  
You can't twist the truth, it knows no regulation  
And a handful of senators can't pass legislation  
And marches alone can't bring integration  
When human respect is disintegratin'  
Now this whole crazy world is just too frustratin'

But you tell me  
Over and over and over again, my friend  
You don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction  
[?]

People I hate, that's understood  
It will make stuff hard to under  
Was feeling blooded to human race  
If you win your war it's the same old place

The poundin' drums, the pride and disgrace  
You can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace  
Hate your next-door neighbor, but don't forget to say grace

But tell me  
Over and over and over again, my friend  
You don't believe

We're on the eve of

But tell me  
Over and over and over again, my friend  
You don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction

You don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction  
You don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction  
Yeah, you don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "How You Sell Soul (Time Is God Refrain)"

We've heard all the great teachings from Malcolm to Martin

Now we have this last chance with our brother minister

To rise out of the ashes of slavery

Time is a very important element in this journey

We can't continue to be 24 karat dumb

Addicted to retail and bling

Wasting time has spent on nonsense

We got grown men in toy stores like little children in candy stores

Buying PS2's 35 and 40

Black men reduced to boys

Time dictates the agenda here

Time is god [x2]

Enough said we got to feed our heads

This shit is piping over the pulpits: TV sets and radios

Hip-hop is moving the masses

We've got to take back our children and guide them

When you love something you develop the mental capacity to reach the thing that you love

No more nonsense

The airwaves are poisonous with this gibberish

These grim hymns lack light

We need to get their ass off the mic

If hip-hop is the seeing end of the voices

Why is the dead teaching the dead

We got to end the reign of pimping and ho-ing

And entertainment for the masses

Wasting time on nonsense

Time dictates the agenda here

Time is god [x3] (Allahu Akbar)

Some say we only have a little time left

We can use it wisely

To teach, think and rebuild our mental banks

Great people don't ask comedians, actors and entertainers to lead

Great people produce what we need

For history to record our deeds as a great nation

Or will we continue to be a shell of a once great people

Wasting time on nonsense

Time dictates the agenda here

Time is god [x8]

Soul power [x8]

